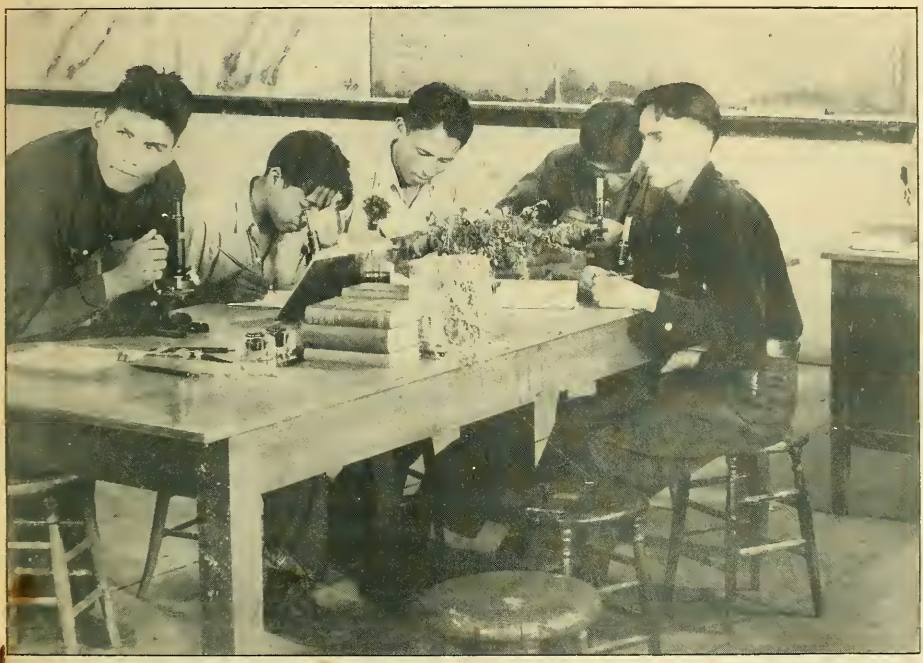
INDIANS

AT WORK



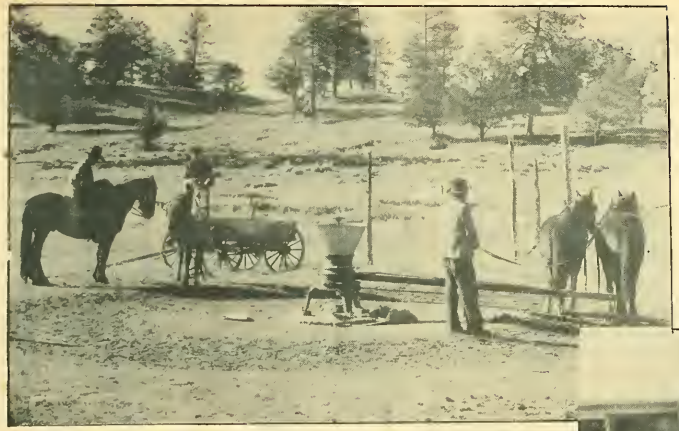
OCTOBER ◇ ◇ 1938

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS • • WASHINGTON, D.C.

INDIANS AT WORK

CONTENTS OF THE ISSUE OF OCTOBER 1938

Volume VI — Number 2



NAVAJO SCHOOLS ARE USED BY OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE.

Left: Using the corn-grinder at the Navajo Community Day School, Crystal, New Mexico.

Right: Senior Technician Di Uillio from the Fort Defiance Hospital demonstrates to a local day school group the relationship between dirt, germs, and disease.

Students go over their work with Miss Stella Young, teacher of home economics at the Wingate Vocational High School at Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

· INDIANS · AT · WORK ·

A News Sheet for Indians
and the Indian Service

· VOLUME VI · OCTOBER 1938 · NUMBER 2 ·

Education, always, is a field of forces where two infinities act and react. One of these infinities is the "abysmal deep of personality"; the other is the world - the very ancient, yet swiftly-changing world. So, although the teacher and the pupil may not know it, education is or could be the greatest of all events.

If we look at Indians, we can see how the task of education throbs with challenge. First, Indians possess a traditional intimate heritage richer, probably, than any other in our country. Second, Indians face the need of adjusting to the world - of winning the world - to a unexampled degree. The inward and the outward calls of education are, in the case of Indians, unmistakable, urgent, and profound.

Education, of course, does not mean only the classroom or only the school as an institution. But the classroom and the school are tremendously important in education. They are the more important in those cases where they are the more effectively united with the flow of life around them.

Most Indian communities, or those groups of communities called tribes, are whole worlds in themselves, socially and economically speaking. They are worlds now embarked upon change - groping their way into a future which has to be partly unknown. They are replicas of the great world which is changing as they are changing and groping as they are groping.

But because of the statistical smallness of these Indian communities, the interdependence of the school and society is more evident than usually in the white world.

These Indian societies are changing internally, and in inter-action with the greater society around them. And the individual Indian is changing through his inter-play with his own community and the wider world.

Many of the Indian heritages are being brought into stronger consciousness and better usefulness; and many of the world heritages of science, art, religion, and economic and political method, are being brought effectively into Indian experience for the first time.

The whole picture is one of very exciting potentialities; and many of the potentialities are being made real through practice, in the highly diversified Indian educational enterprise.

Read Mr. Beatty's article immediately following. It suggests a good deal of the diversity and of the concrete achievement of Indian education.

* * * * * * *

After nearly four years, I revisited last month an Indian community - it was the Swinomish Community, on the ocean side, in the state of Washington.

Four years ago, this community lived in the most dolorous of slums; it had very little hope; it possessed neither organization nor program.

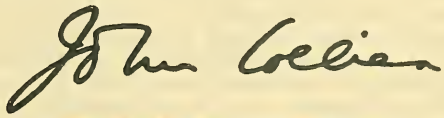
The change has been a marvelous one. Now the tribe is delightfully housed. Gardens are beginning to flower around the attractive homes. The tribe earns $20,000 a year from its fishing enterprise, and all of the net income is "plowed back" into capital. Soon the tribe will move into the enterprise of a cooperative cannery. The community hall, now finished, is spacious and beautiful. A great totem pole crowns the village, and near its summit is a portrait of President Roosevelt. Totem poles record events of Indian history.

The tribe governs itself with a business-like wisdom, dealing with the near and the far, and manifesting an ardor of good feeling which makes one very wistful when he thinks about numerous city, state and county governments among the white people.

With the changed status and outlook of the Indian people, a splendid improvement of Indian-white relations has taken place.

The improved relationships are doing good both ways, and both elements know it.

At Tulalip, in Washington, I found the tribal council proceeding with a wisdom equal to that of the Swinomish council. And the neighboring white people would exert themselves as earnestly as the Indians, if need should arise, to keep these almost millennial gains which the Indians have won for themselves and for the larger community around them.



Commissioner of Indian Affairs

* * * * * * * *

APACHES OF FORT APACHE, ARIZONA, VOTE OVERWHELMINGLY FOR CONSTITUTION

The Apaches are making big records of self-help, self-guidance, wise economic and social action, as organized tribes under the Reorganization Act.

Last among the Apache reservations to work upon tribal organization has been the White River (Fort Apache) Reservation in Arizona. Impressive was the vote, and impressive the vote for organization, on August 15, 1938. Of the tribe's 1,375 eligibles, more than 1,000 voted. Of the total votes, 884 were cast in favor of the constitution.

J. C.

* * * * * * * * * *

REORGANIZATION NEWS

Charters:

		Yes	No
August 10	Uintah & Ouray Indians of Utah	213	8
August 17	Pine Ridge Indians of South Dakota ...	766	1400

Constitution:

August 15	White River Apache (Fort Apache) Arizona	884	128

INDIAN SERVICE SCHOOLS: THEIR AIMS - AND SOME RESULTS

By Willard W. Beatty, Director of Education - Indian Service

The United States Indian Service has a unique educational opportunity. It enrolls almost 40,000 children in 350 schools, ranging from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Brighton, Florida. Its schools range from one-room day schools offering eight grades of instruction to vocational high schools of 700 students. Its problems are probably more diverse than those of any other school system in the United States. It is responsible for the education of children from families in which the English language has never been spoken and to whom a railroad train, an elevator or a boat are unknown; children from homes where the women have been forbidden for centuries to communicate with white people; children whose only difference from their white neighbors lies in the fact that they are economically less fortunate. Some of our children will inherit valuable agricultural land, others will possess an interest in rich grazing lands; others will inherit an art and craft tradition which is ancient and sacred; and still others will come to us dispossessed of lands, culture, and racial self-respect. No single pattern of education will adequately meet the needs of these diverse groups. Least of all can we assume that the traditional pattern of American public education will be suitable to their training.

The teachers of the Indian Service face an arduous task - that of developing programs of education which will conserve the original background of native culture where it exists, reestablish pride and self-respect where it has been destroyed, train students in the knowledges and skills necessary to exploit effectively their native resources, develop in children the techniques necessary to economic self-support in areas where they possess nothing but the skill of their hands and the keenness of their minds, and introduce these children to an economic and cultural understanding of their white neighbors and associates. The educational program which will accomplish these things on the Navajo Reservation must of necessity be a very different program from that offered in Eastern Oklahoma, Southern Arizona, or South Dakota.

The Indian Service has the advantage that while it is cooperating closely with the public schools of the states in which it operates, it is in no case subject to the courses of study required by the public schools of these states. Our problem is distinct and we are under no necessity of conforming to educational patterns drafted in disregard to the situations with which we are confronted.

In addition to the fact that the Indian Service school is called upon to meet the peculiar needs of Indian youth, it has an added obligation to the adults within the Indian communities in literally hundreds of instances. These adults may not speak the English language, may have no clear understanding of the rapidly changing relationships between the Indian and his government under the influence of the Indian Reorganization Act, and are confronted with rapidly changing economic conditions and the need to learn new ways in which to develop economic independence. In some of our areas the school must supplement the gaps in the environment. In lands of little rain, it must provide the water source and the facilities for bathing and laundry work. In lands of limited timber it must provide the place and the tools with which the adult Indian may maintain and repair his equipment and the centers to which the Indian women may come for many of their activities. In isolated communities the school may be the only source of first-aid, simple medical assistance, or the interpretation of the members of one culture to those of another.

While the problem is unique and challenging, it finds most of us relatively unprepared and we who have this opportunity have, in large majority of instances, been trained in the same schools and colleges that are producing teachers for the traditional American public schools. In a variety of ways, those in administrative charge of the education division of the Indian Service are attempting to interpret to the staff its opportunities, and the means of realizing them.

While the obstacles at times seem insuperable, the progress which has been made by individual teachers and the staffs of larger schools throughout the Service is inspiring. Doubtless, no individuals, no institutions, are today realizing their potentialities to the full. Jobs which are being well done can be improved upon. While frankly fumbling with the problem, many institutions present examples of the possibilities which are ahead of us when more of us see more clearly what needs to be done. Despite the danger of misunderstanding which is inevitable when individual achievements are cited, it is believed that our ultimate goals may be more clearly seen in terms of what has already been accomplished than through many pages of theorizing. To this end, a few citations are offered at random:

(1) The school at Nome, Alaska, where, in addition to a program of elementary education for children, native men and women are making continuous use of the school facilities. The native parka, or skin coat of the Eskimo, has been redesigned, shortened, equipped with a zipper front, and turned into one of the most effective winter garments for sports wear, yet produced for cold-weather use. Fifty native women have been employed continuously in the hand

manufacture of these garments and it has proved impossible to satisfy the growing demand. From the experimental nucleus at Nome, this activity is being spread through the Eskimo schools to improve the economic well-being of the native in the more effective utilization of his native products, and the children being educated in the Alaskan schools are being trained to continue and develop this work.

(2) Oglala Community High School at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, serving an area where cattle raising and community irrigated gardens are the economic future, has built its instructional work around a herd of more than 800 beef cattle. All of the manifold activities connected with the care of the herd are carried on by the high school students who are also equipped to drill wells, operate gasoline-driven machinery, and develop and operate irrigation projects. The school cattle program has stimulated thirty young adults to form a cooperative livestock association around a nucleus of reimbursable or repayment cattle.

(3) Sequoyah Training School in Oklahoma, where research has been carried forward in the pottery of the Cherokee, a craft which has been long abandoned by the Oklahoma division of the tribe. Gradually, with archeological specimens as an inspiration, Cherokee boys and girls are developing a new waterproof pottery which is both beautiful and useful.

(4) Chilocco Agricultural School in Oklahoma, where high school students, among other things, are operating an eight-thousand-acre farm in such a manner that each student in the agricultural course at graduation has operated a typical diversified Oklahoma farm and has made his living at the job.

(5) Fort Sill School in Oklahoma, where the children from the first grade through the high school are engaged in agriculture, and the beginning class operates a five-acre farm from which it produces and preserves enough food to supply its own noonday meals throughout the year, applying the farming experiences toward a mastery of speaking English, reading and number. Here, the junior high school students operate a farm cooperative in which each has a personal financial interest and from which each is making money. And here the students of the senior high school, almost all of whom own or have access to agricultural land, are prepared through actual experience to operate their own land as successful self-supporting farmers.

(6) Grass Mountain Day School on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, where the school is the center of a community irrigated garden project which has transformed a group of Indians, made indigent by the depression and the drought, into an active self-supporting and self-respecting community.

(7) Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, where the shop boys furnished most of the professional labor which has produced a new five-unit reinforced concrete shop building, which experience along with the other practical trade training has resulted in the placement of fifty-three per cent of the 1938 graduates who did not return to their home reservations in well-paid positions in the industries in and around Los Angeles.

(8) Wingate, New Mexico, where the agriculture boys have shared in the planning and development of one of the most effective soil and water conservation and irrigated agricultural projects in the entire Southwest, as practical training for reproducing these same practices within their home areas on the Navajo Reservation.

(9) Cherokee, North Carolina, where the applied science work has produced boys and girls competent to test the purity of their native water supply, the bacterial count of the milk supply, and in a dozen ways make additional use of the native resources of their area, which for years have been neglected.

(10) Salem Indian School, Chemawa, Oregon, where a group of boys have put the rich beaver bottom land owned by the school into vegetable gardens which have brought returns that have paid an ample rental on the land, covered all out-of-pocket costs, and brought better cash returns than day wages.

(11) Santa Fe School, New Mexico, where the work of the Navajo silversmiths has directly contributed to a marked improvement in the quality of silver jewelry being commercially produced on the Navajo Reservation.

(12) Phoenix Indian School, Arizona, in whose tractor and diesel school young Indian men are being trained in the practical operation, maintenance, and repair of modern machinery and road equipment, so well that trainees' services are in growing demand.

I have named twelve. I could have named three times that many. My ears already burn, for I can hear Haskell Institute in Kansas, with its steadily improving secretarial course; Flandreau South Dakota, with its industrial arts students who are finding jobs on home reservations and in urban communities; Sacaton, Arizona, with its poultry project and irrigated farm; Pine Ridge day schools with their goats and turkeys; Cheyenne River and Standing Rock, with their irrigated gardens; Turtle Mountain, North Dakota, with its pottery and finger weaving; Jones Academy, Oklahoma, with its farm program; and Wheelock Academy, with its contribution to the Choctaw spinning project; and dozens of other schools which are making concrete contributions to these Indian school objectives.

inquiring why they aren't publicly recognized. The answer is two-fold; first, there isn't enough space to list all of the projects which are actively dealing with reality; second, many projects which, while potentially significant, have so far failed to come to grips with the fundamental problem of providing children still in school with experiences so real, so vital, so practical, that they constitute a valid preparation for life success.

Many of our schools and teachers are struggling to free themselves from the fundamental weakness of the average school which believes that books constitute the sole materials of education. None of the schools cited above have wholly overcome that handicap, but they are schools which have made substantial progress in supplementing book-learning with realistic experiences. They are named simply in hope that to the extent to which they have succeeded they may offer inspiration to others who are already moving in the same direction, but who have not yet arrived. If this citation serves to promote critical jealousy, rather than helpful stimulation, it would have better remained unprinted.

This issue of "Indians At Work" is devoted to products of Indian schools, to illustrate in another area, their accomplishments. Here also, the pictures reproduced, the stories of accomplishment or the samples of children's writing are offered merely as an indication of direction - not as exhaustive evidence of achievement.

* * * * * * * * * *

AIDS TO HIGHER EDUCATION FOR INDIAN YOUNG PEOPLE

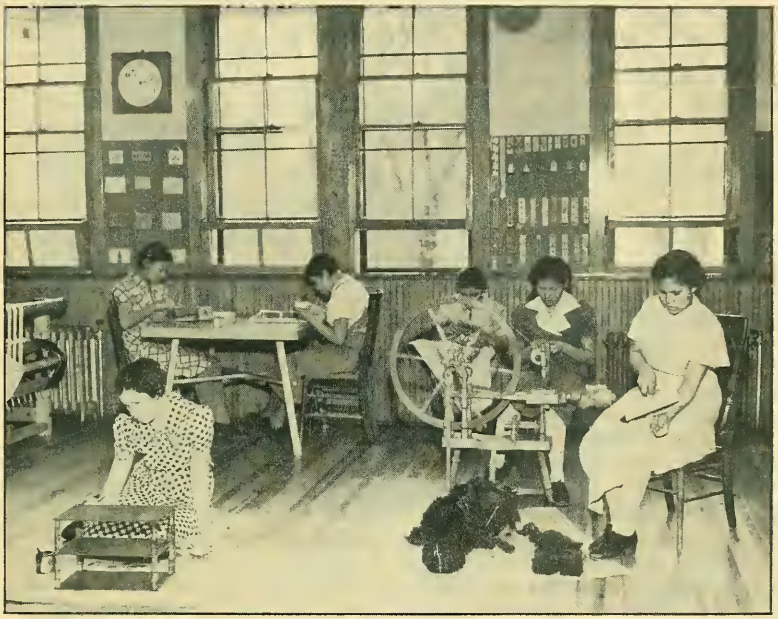
By Paul L. Fickinger, Associate Director of Education

Several years ago Congress made available to the Indian Service a fund to enable us to help capable Indian young people attend colleges and advanced trade schools. For the most part these funds are reimbursable and are loaned to cover payment of tuition and living expenses during a given period of study.

Graduates of Indian Service schools are accepted in colleges on the same basis as those from schools for whites. At the present time there are approximately 600 Indian boys and girls receiving post-high school training. Some of them are preparing for a specific position in the Indian Service; many of them, however, are planning to take their places in the general economic life of the country.

WHAT SHALL WE TEACH INDIAN HIGH SCHOOL CHILDREN?

(This article is a composite of some of the ideas discussed at a series of meetings held in Denver in May, 1938, in which a number of teachers, extension, health and administrative workers of the Indian Service took part.)



Arts And Crafts Class At Wheelock Academy, Oklahoma.

What is our objective in the education of Indian children? There is agreement, probably, that it is to give them some understanding of the world about them, to foster the ability to earn a living, to develop skills for achieving some control over their environments, to substitute understanding for superstition and fear, to give them the strength and judgment to settle personal problems wisely, and to stimulate the growth of young people into men and women who face their tasks in the world maturely and with intelligent devotion.

Bearing these ends in mind and thinking in terms of high school boys and girls, what steps, then, should we take to make Indian secondary school programs more functional in Indian communities - communities which, for the most part, live in poverty; communities which must make most of their living off the land for many years to come?

One underlying factor governs all high school programs for young Indians: the wide variety of conditions and needs.

There are a few reservations whose resources can support the entire population, provided the Indians make use of those resources; there are many which cannot possibly support their populations on the land under present conditions; areas in which reservations as separate units have ceased to exist; full-blood reservations where the old ways of life are still deeply rooted; timber reservations; reservations whose key is successful irrigation; reservations where the intelligent handling of livestock is the only chance for self-support.

And within reservations there are variations which must be taken into account by a school program which makes any attempt at honest preparation for life: full-blood and mixed-blood communities; English-speaking and non-English-speaking children; children who want to stay on the reservation; children who want to leave; children who do not know what they want, but who, in the realistic light of statistics, are mostly destined to stay in their home areas.

More specifically, then, Indian children should learn in high school something of the resources of their reservations and of the ways in which these resources are used in making a living. They should learn something of the handling of money and the use of credit. They should gain facility in English and they should acquire social experiences which will help them to evaluate and deal understandingly with the many problems which will confront them as they learn ideas and habits which differ from the traditions and customs which they abide by at home. They should gain experience in good health practices, good techniques in farming and care of the land, in homemaking, in stock raising and marketing, and they should learn enough mathematics to carry out money dealings and practical problems with accuracy. They should know how their tribal affairs are managed, how tribal officers are chosen, how law and order are enforced. They should know how their tribal affairs relate to the local and national government, and they should be prepared to take over more of the management of their individual and tribal affairs than has been accorded to their parents. Some of the Indian young people should learn how to do honest, salable,

Acetylene Welding On New Shop Building
At Sherman Institute In California

and aesthetically fine crafts work as a possible means of supplementary income, and some of them should be equipped with definite trade skills.

In thinking over these essentials, one question arises forcibly: Should these techniques be worked into traditional subjects, such as geography, mathematics, and English; or should they be taught as the natural groupings they are, and the old terminologies discarded entirely? Many at the conference felt that for the present, the traditional subject matter divisions should be maintained, but that they should continue to be enriched by new material and by experiences outside of classes. It is obvious that if the end-results are kept in view and if the teaching is forceful, imaginative, and thorough, the method followed to bring these experiences and techniques to Indian children is not the vital issue.

* * * *

Indian Service schools, as a matter of fact, in many areas have already broken with conventional and urban traditions in their effort to give Indian children a chance to meet the world capably. Indian children have worked on school ranch projects and farm projects miles away from the classroom during the school term; then they have returned to the classroom and translated their experiences into, for example, English and mathematics.

Another factor in shaping programs more specifically is the recognition of the economic future of the children of a given area. Vocational training is one thing; the chance children have to make use of their trades is another.

The Indian Service has attempted, during the past year, to find out systematically what has happened to graduates of some of its high schools. The work is unfinished; but preliminary results show unquestionably that the majority of students stay on, or return to their reservations after graduation; in other words, while many Indian students have been trained for life on a wage basis - as bakers, carpenters, harness-menders, and the like - very few are able to secure work in their trades, but rather return home to live on a subsistence basis, or on wages from relief or conservation work.

Data show that the graduate of an Indian Service boarding school is better off economically than other Indians and that much Indian leadership is the product of the boarding school; nevertheless, Indian Service vocational training in too many individual cases has proved to be without possibility of realization in the actual future life of the child. Indian Service schools, it would seem, should attempt to develop in children a rural, rather than a metropolitan, outlook on life; a realistic point of view on the part of the students as to where their best chances lie. Trained personnel who can give individual vocational guidance to children as they develop, as well as the present small staff of placement workers to help some of them secure outside jobs, are needed. In other words, it is the Indian Service's job to interest children in the type of living that is possible of achievement, to train them for it, and at the same time, to help outstanding children to go ahead to wider fields; to help place young people where they can earn a living, and to know what happens to them after they are placed.

The answers to the question of what to teach cannot be charted. Granted that all agree as to these objectives, the presentation of subject matter to Indian young people and exposing them to experiences in actual situations are problems which teachers must work out for themselves.

* * * * *

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Young Navajos learn modern techniques in protecting their land: class at Wingate Vocational High School in New Mexico, doing plant identification work in connection with computing the carrying capacity of a range area.

THE PLACE OF A NAVAJO DAY SCHOOL IN THE COMMUNITY

By Earle F. Jenkins, Community Teacher,

Cove Day School, Navajo Agency, Arizona

Indian Children in the Flower Garden

How many white parents take a real interest in their children's school? And how many feel enough a part of it to work at and with the school as the Navajo parents do?

At the Cove Day School, situated on the gray floor of a wide tree-filled canyon whose colorful walls rise sheer to the sky, the school helps the children's parents and is in turn helped by them.

Industrious women come daily to sew, launder and bake. Men make furniture for their hogans in the school shop - cupboards, closets, benches, wagon boxes, looms and wardrobes. At the forge, farm tools are mended and horses are shod. These things the Navajo parents do for their own benefit.

But the parents also do a number of things for the school. Some of the work is in return for benefits received, such as clothing for their children, oil-barrel stoves and lumber. But much of it is a voluntary expression of interest in this new center of their community life.

Last year, during the summer and autumn, men with double teams, plows and scrapers worked for several weeks filling a network of washes and gullies with debris cleaned from the grounds and covered them with earth. They pulled stumps and re-

Outdoor Ovens at Cove School

This Navajo Woman Is One of the School's Regular Patrons.

moved cords of brush. About seven acres of rye and sweet clover were planted and harvested.

A croquet court and a flower bed of 76 feet by 65 feet were graded and terraced with a retaining wall. A large root cellar was dug and roofed; an ash pit was dug and floored above. The yard was harrowed and reseeded to blue stem grass during the rainy season. Our Navajo neighbors also hauled and worked up the school's supply of wood and made or repaired portions of the school bus route. They planted, cared for and harvested a bountiful crop of vegetables in the school garden.

They made the playground equipment of see-saws, swings, trapeze and baseball backstop net and graded the volley ball court and archery range. They wrecked a useless building on the school site and used the materials in new construction. About one-half mile of diversion drainage ditches have been dug; all the trees have been cared for and the grounds have been cleaned of growing weeds many times.

During the assistants' summer vacations, two capable English-speaking Navajo women kept the school's kitchen, laundry and sewing room open, maintaining our year of service to the community unbroken. An English-speaking neighbor acted as guide and interpreter for the teacher in field visits during this time.

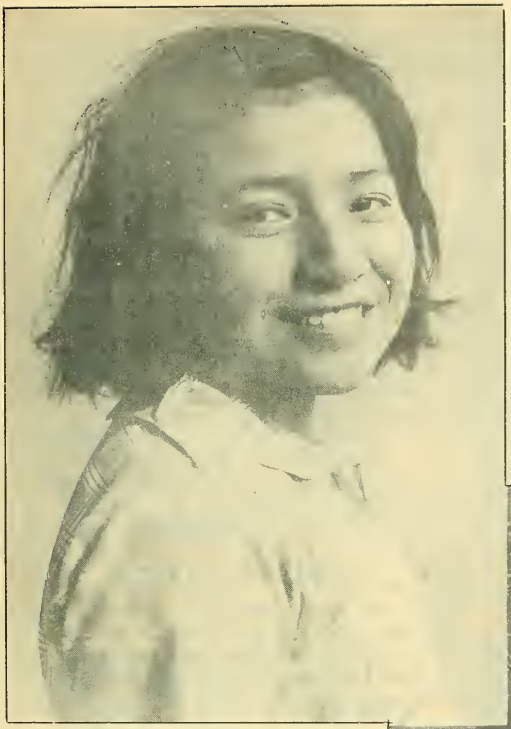
As the school is more than twelve miles from a trader, we in turn accommodate our neighbors in various small ways, by, for example, stocking fresh yeast for those who bake, writing orders from the school's copy of a mail order catalogue and writing letters for those who cannot write themselves.

Harvesting Carrots In the School Garden

Last winter the Indians, with their teams, plowed paths

through the drifted snow near the plant and to the neighboring hogans. Last fall they hauled rocks and laid approximately three hundred feet of stone walks. They have laid four hundred feet of pipe for irrigation, harvested the garden and again brought in and sawed up a bountiful supply of wood. Our Navajo parents are good neighbors indeed.

* * * * * * * * * * *



These two children, living more than two thousand miles apart, are both pupils in Indian Service schools.

Above: A Papago girl from the Sells Agency, Arizona.

Right: An Eskimo boy from Solomon, Alaska.

Alaska photograph through courtesy of Mabel Nigh Nylen, Indian Service Teacher, formerly at Solomon Day School, Solomon, Alaska.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE: WHAT CHILDREN FIVE TO NINE CAN DO

By Ruth E. Leichliter, Teacher, Fort Sill Indian School, Oklahoma

Young Carpenters At Work

The photographs on the opposite page and those contained in this article show something of the work of the children who live in the Little Red Schoolhouse at the Fort Sill Indian School. These children range from five to nine years in age and are in the first and second grades. Here are some glimpses of their life.

At 6:15 a.m. Patch, our faithful old cow, greets two of our young milkers, and stands patiently as they milk, one on each side. The children are watched by Brownie and Buck, the two calves; five sheep and three goats; a sow and her baby pigs; Long Neck and her brother geese; Squawk and her sister guineas; and by Nancy, the Shetland pony.

In the kitchen of the little farmhouse the girls strain the milk, scald the buckets and utensils and churn the butter. Cleaning, sometimes baking and cooking, dishwashing and scrubbing all have their place in the daily routine. Making pillows, quilts (they quilt them too), rugs, tea towels, table covers and beaded work also have their place in the interests of the little girls.

The children here at the Little Red Schoolhouse work a farm of five acres of land. Broom corn, oats, kaffir corn, cotton and cane are the principal products. These children cut their corn, stack it and haul it with a small team.

Their garden yields vegetables which the girls can each summer. What they do not need they take to town and sell to the stores. Last winter they butchered "Wrinkle Nose", one of their hogs. They rendered lard, made sausage, cured the hams and made soap out of the cracklings.

Ready For Market

Making Sausage

Taking Care Of Baby Lambs

Cutting Grass

Work! Fun, is what they say. When the children's accomplishments are told, listeners have thrown up their hands and said, "I can't believe it; they are too young." That is exactly what their parents said when we first began. Now they are proud and matter-of-fact about what their children do.

The old-fashioned educator might say, "I don't see how the children learn anything. When do you teach school?" This is how:

Three little children owned some chickens. They had some eggs to sell and when they found out that when the profits were divided each of them would receive only three cents, one of them said, "Too cheap; let's eat 'em." They ate the eggs. The next night there was a program on the campus and they needed two cents each for admission. "Gee, if we just didn't eat them eggs," they sighed. Any learning there?

Their bees left the hive and flew away. "Why?" they asked. Any chance for learning there?

Not perfectly by any means is the job done, but it is done well. They can't plow straight; they can't cut the broom corn as fast as we would like; they can't get the rows in the garden just right; they built a lopsided goat house; but what does it matter? The job is their job and they do it in their own childish ways.

"But when do they learn to read, write, spell, figure, and speak English?" the visitors ask. Why did the bees leave the hive? Why does Nancy bite? Why didn't guinea eggs hatch? How do you cure meat? Why did the ducks die? Why do the grasshoppers eat our oats? What can we do about it? They read about these things for information, for pleasure. How else could they find out?

One little girl working earnestly on a quilt block looked up and said, seriously: "You know, 'Wobbly Knee" (the sow) has a house and eight babies, but she don't have no husband."

Little Housekeepers

Jocko And Jerry After Their Bath

A Young Poultry Owner

Marketing their vegetables, chickens, eggs, pecans, hogs, calves; weighing their butter, handling milk and vegetables; counting chickens, geese and guineas; keeping a breeding chart; learning by living and doing. Sometimes the children get cheated when they haven't counted correctly. What an opportunity for an arithmetic lesson that sticks!

They telephone to the stores and ask prices; they order seeds, bees, equipment of all kinds; they write their own letters and mail them. They painted the picket fence a red, white, and blue combination that can be seen for miles. They sit around the fireplace and talk about the problem of dogs who catch their chickens; about the calf that is about to be born; the time to breed the pony. English and spelling? They get lots of it. And all of this comes not out of the book, but out of life.

* * * * * * * *

Bird Design From Zuni, New Mexico.

INDIAN CHILDREN FROM THE SOUTHWEST

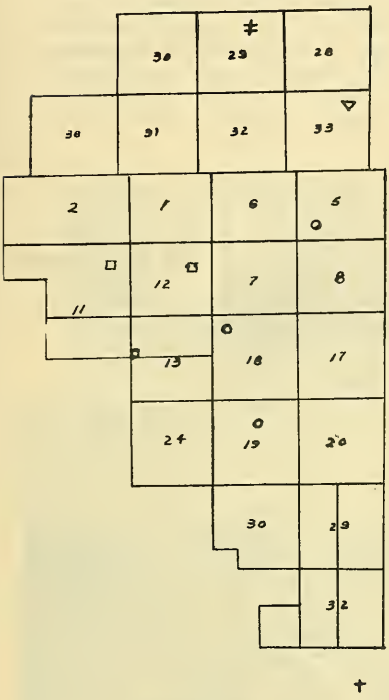
Above: San Carlos
Apaches - Arizona

Right: A Navajo
Child - Arizona

Above: Three Young
Santo Domingos
On The Day School
Wood-pile.
United Pueblos Agency,
New Mexico.

Above: Paiute Children - Lovelock (Carson Agency), Nevada

STUDENT RANCHERS: THE OGLALA HIGH SCHOOL CATTLE PROJECT, PINE RIDGE AGENCY, SOUTH DAKOTA*



Map of Range

Herd Camp .....+ Dams .....▽

Range Camp ....≠ Springs ....▭

Wells ...○

(Map by Philip Sauser, Tenth Grade Student at the Oglala Community High School.)

How to handle a horse, how to fall off a horse without being hurt, how to herd cattle, what and how much to feed cattle during the winter months, how to cook and clean up in camp, how to build and repair fences and corrals, how to care for new-born calves and doctor sick cattle, how to develop and conserve the range - the man that knows these skills is likely to be a successful rancher, good to his stock and good to his land. This sort of training is being given to Oglala Sioux boys in the Indian Service's Oglala Community High School on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

This unique type of training is not an impulsive experiment on the part of the Indian Service, but a carefully-thought-out part of its program to help the Pine Ridge Sioux to get on their feet economically. The cattle business, supplemented by the raising of feed and by subsistence gardens, is the only chance of these Indians for permanent self-support; and to train their young people for the cattle business is a natural corollary of the larger program.

This Sioux reservation has been, and potentially is

*Taken from a report by W. O. Nicholson, Principal of Education, James W. Farrell, Stockman, Mary A. Walker, Teacher, and by students of the Oglala Community High School; also from an article by Philip Sauser, student.

again, fine cattle country. Its economic usefulness as range was impaired when it was broken up by allotment in the 'eighties, subsequently to become checkerboarded by white holdings. Up to the War, however, it was still largely cattle country and the Pine Ridge Indians themselves ran more than twenty-five thousand head on their own land. With the War boom in wheat, however, Indians, like whites, succumbed to the lure of quick profits. They sold their cattle, plowed much of their range and leased additional acreage to whites. Some of it was sold outright. In 1933 there were only some 7,000 Indian-owned cattle on the Pine Ridge Reservation, grazing about 260,000 acres of their range.

The Ranch House

The Cattle

During the past few years, a strenuous effort has been made by the Agency staff and by the Indians themselves to get land back into Indian use; to conserve the soil; and to develop once again the livestock business for which Indians are well-suited. Their efforts have begun to show: In 1937 there were over 8,193 Indian-owned cattle at Pine Ridge.

The students' livestock project started in August 1936 with six sections of land. Now twenty-five sections are being

leased from Indians in addition to the Agency reserve. The students' ranch carries a herd of 1,013 cattle, including 406 cows, 127 coming three-year-old heifers, 130 yearlings, 200 spring calves, 123 steers, 20 five-year-old bulls and 27 bulls. The bulls are purebred Herefords.

The herd camp is fifteen miles north of Pine Ridge, in the hills north of the Holy Rosary Mission. It is a real ranch plant, although a modest one, leased from James White Cow Killer. The range was rested during 1935; consequently there was a fine stand of buffalo, wheat and grama grass when the program began in 1936. CCC-ID workers built a dam, set up a windmill and dug a well.

The Young Ranchers (W. O. Nicholson, Principal of Education, and James W. Farrell, Stockman, Standing.)

Winter Feeding

Six boys go out to the ranch for a week at a time, from Monday morning through Saturday. Their school work is so arranged that by the end of the year each boy has had six weeks of ranch experience. They help Shorty the cook and do the work around the camp; they oil the windmill; and they learn how to care for a herd of a thousand cattle.

The boys have developed a spring, built a fence, a corral, a hospital pasture for weak cattle and a maternity pasture. They learn the ticklish job of dehorning yearlings.

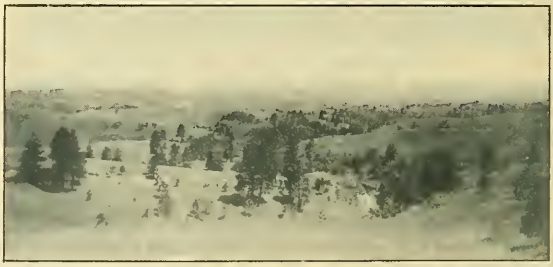
The daily routine is to gather the cattle from the canyons and bring them into the feeding grounds, where, throughout the winter, they are fed on cotton seed cake. Each animal receives a pound a day. On this feed, plus the natural grasses, the cattle losses have been less than one per cent. The hilly contours and the pines of the area give some protection from the wind and cold.

The boys anticipate their ranch work which, in the cold South Dakota winters is not always pleasant or easy, with avidity. The thermometer frequently drops to 32° below during January and February, and the boys turn out unfailingly at 7:00 a.m. to mount into cold saddles and ride all day. "So far," says Mr. James W. Farrell, the reservation stockman who supervises the boys' ranch, "we have never had to turn a boy back because of shirking or bad behavior, and we have never had a boy back out when his turn came to go out to camp; in fact, sometimes they ask to go out to camp when it is not their turn. They are doing well at the work - there is no other business for which our Indian boys are better suited than the cattle business."

On occasional Saturdays, Miss Newman, Miss Ward and Miss Roberts, home economics teachers at the school, have taken groups of girls out to the camp to cook and serve the boys' noonday dinner. The girls have always produced the meal quietly and efficiently, and the incredible quantities of food eaten prove their ability.

As far as practicable, the boys' school course is tied in with their ranch experience, in that their teacher, Miss Mary Walker, integrates their composition and reading work around land utilization and cattle-raising.

This project is an example of the Indian Service's effort to give its young people an education which will be a real preparation for life. Occasional critics have said that the present-day Indian Service educational policy is encouraging Indians to "go back to the blanket." Exactly the reverse is true. When children's school work is completely divorced from their every-day life, when it deals with subjects and terminology with which



The Range

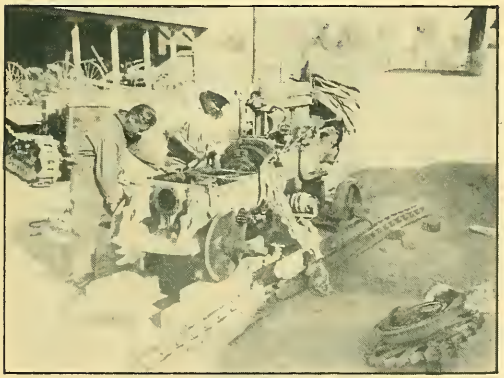
they have no experience, most of them, upon leaving school, are going to shed this surface knowledge, and, after an unhappy period of inner conflict, go back to the ways in which they are rooted, bringing back from school little of permanent value. This has been demonstrated time and again in the old off-reservation Indian Service boarding school system, in which long distances plus a strange curriculum plus alien standards of living and behaving served to cut the children off from Indian ways. But if children's work in school is built around their backgrounds, and deals with their assets and ways to develop them, ways to enrich and broaden their lives - then, the Indian Service believes, its schools will be accomplishing their purpose.

This program does not mean a curtailment of opportunity for the minority who want to prepare for professional and specialized work, since these young people are being increasingly provided for through loans which enable them to attend colleges or professional schools. Rather it means a shift of emphasis better to train the larger number of Indian young people for the opportunity that lies closest - a life on the land.

* * * * *

PHOENIX TRACTOR SCHOOL

Phoenix Indian School, Arizona.



At the Phoenix Tractor School a limited number of young adult Indians are given practical experience in all phases of repair, rebuilding and maintenance of gas and diesel tractors and road machinery. The experiences are not limited to work in the school shops, but involve actual field work in which everything that can be done in the field to revive a tractor is done by the school crew. Young men trained in this instruction are finding themselves in demand because of their competence.

LITTLE HERDER IN THE SPRING

For more than a year the Education Division has been preparing materials for use in Indian schools. One part of the project has been the preparation of reading materials which authentically portray the present-day life of Indians, to be used as reading material at different age levels.

Ann Nolan Clark, formerly a teacher at Tesuque Pueblo, has prepared a number of excellent studies of Pueblo and Navajo life which will be published during the current year. The following pages offer some quotations from "Little Herder in the Spring", the first of a series of four simple readers of Navajo life which will be printed in both English and Navajo at the presses of the Phoenix Indian School. We believe that Mrs. Clark has caught to an unusual degree the spirit of living among the Navajo people.

Morning

I stood
Beside my Mother
While my Father
Said the Dawn Prayer.

Then the gray tears
On the sky's face
Melted.
The clouds pushed away
And the Sun
Smiled through them.

Now it is gray again,
But I cannot forget
That when my Father spoke
The Sun came
And looked down
Upon us.

Breakfast

My Mother cooks food
On the tin-can stove
In the middle of her hogan.

My Mother
Makes kneel-down bread
And coffee,
And she cooks mutton ribs
Over the coals.

My Father
And I
Any my Mother,
We sit on the floor
Together,
And we eat
The good food
That my Mother
Has cooked for us.

The Garden

Beside my Mother's hogan door
Between the sheep corral
And the waterhole
Is the small place
That my Father has fenced
To make a home
For the squash
And the melons
And the chili
And the beans.

My Father says in English,
"This is the garden."

Sheep Corral

Near my Mother's hogan
Is the sheep corral,
A bare, brown place
Fenced with poles.

There is a tree
For shade.
There is a shelter
For lambs
In the sheep corral.

The sheep stand together
In their corral.
They stand close
To each other.
I think
Sheep like to know
That they are many.

Sometimes
I play that way.
I play
That there are many children
All around me,
All about me.

When I am herding
And I cannot see my Mother
It is good
To play
That many children
Stand together with me,
And that all outside
Is my corral.

Thinking

Earth,
They are saying
That you are tired.

They are saying
That for too long
You have given
Life
To the sheep
And The People.

They are saying
That the arroyos
Are the hurts we have made
Across your face,
That the moccasin track
And the sheep trail
Are the cuts we have given you.

Earth, my mother,
Believe me when I tell you,
We are your children,
We would not want to hurt you.

I am only little,
I cannot do big things,
But I can do this for you.
I can take my sheep
To new pastures.
I can take them
The long way
Around the arroyos,
Not through them,
When we go to the waterhole.

This way
Their little feet,
Their sharp, pointed feet
Will not make the cuts
Across your face
Grow deeper.
This way
The worn pastures
Can sleep a little
And grow new grass again.

I can do this
To heal your cuts,
To make you
Not so tired.

Earth my mother,
Do you understand?

Lambs in Snow

Today
The cold comes
In gray clouds
Of blowing snow.

The little lambs
Stand close to their mothers.
They think
The cold has come to stay.

Yesterday the sky was blue
And the Sun warmed the land.

The lambs do not know
That sometimes
Cold days make mistakes
And come again
After they should have gone
away.

They do not know
That tomorrow will be warm
again.
They have not been here
Long enough
To know these things
And their mothers
Have not told them.

My Mother
Is watching the lambs.
She will not let them
Get too cold.

I think
The mother sheep think
That my Mother will help them
With their babies.

Clizzie, Clizzie

The sheep know
That the day is over,
But Grandfather Goat
Stays behind
To push his whiskers
High up in a tree
For one last bite.
Old Grandfather Clizzie,
Clizzie.

Goodnight

Beautiful Mountain
Looks so blue
And so cold
And so lonely
Now that the Sun
And the sheep
And I
Are going.

If it were nearer to me
And small
I could bring it
Into my Mother's hogan
Under my blanket.
I would not have to say,
Goodnight,
Goodnight,
Beautiful Mountain
Goodnight.

Night

Night is outside
In his black blanket.
I hear him
Talking with the wind.
I do not know him.
He is outside.

I am here
In my Mother's hogan
Warm in my sheepskin,
Close to my Mother.
The things I know
Are around me
Like a blanket,
Keeping me safe
From those things
Which are strange.

Keeping me safe.

THESE ARE INDIAN CHILDREN

Left to right: small boys' carpentry class, Pima, Arizona; two Apache girls grinding corn, Arizona; three children on beach at Neah Bay, Taholah Agency, Washington; small boys' carpentry class at Pima, Arizona.

San Carlos Apache girls swinging on playground Arizona; two little Seminole girls, Florida; children at Sequoyah, Oklahoma, engaged in various schoolroom activities; little Blackfeet Indian girl at door of tepee, Montana; students at Sequoyah Indian School, Oklahoma, making pottery.

Blacksmith Gene Aubrey at the anvil, Sherman Institute, California; student basket-maker, Phoenix School, Arizona; boys hauling fish from boats to the ice house at Red Lake, Minnesota; a Pueblo girl, New Mexico.

S T O R I E S A N D D R A W I N G S

By Indian Children

There follow some twenty pages of stories and drawings by Indian children of various ages. Shortage of space made it impossible to use more than a few, and many delightful contributions had to be omitted. Nothing shown here was written especially for publication in "Indians At Work": all of the material, with the exception of the drawing below, was gathered from regular classroom work.

* * * *

"Aspen," A Drawing By Joe Evan Duran, Student At The Santa Fe Indian School, New Mexico.

EXCERPTS FROM "OUR MOLLY BOOK", WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE PRIMARY CHILDREN, TONGUE RIVER BOARDING SCHOOL, BUSBY, MONTANA

We have a new pet. We named her Molly. She is a toad.

We built Molly's house. We got an apple box. We got screen wire. We put the wire on the box.

How can we feed Molly? How can we water Molly?

We sawed a hole in the box. We got a little bowl. We put water in the bowl. Guess what Molly did! She jumped into the bowl. She lay there. She was drinking. She does not drink like we do. We drink through our mouth. She drinks through her skin.

Molly was still in the water bowl. The water is gone. She is surely fat today. She must be full of water. She is too fat to jump.

Molly is mad today. She jumps and climbs. She wants to get out. Maybe she doesn't like our house. Maybe someone teased her. We let her out. She went to the toilet on our table. She is naughty.

Molly looks skinny. She may be hungry. We read about toads. Toads eat flies and bugs. They eat moths. They eat mosquitoes. They eat gnats too. Maybe they eat grasshoppers. We caught bugs for Molly. We put dead grasshoppers in the box. She will not eat. Maybe she is lonesome. Does she eat? We know she eats something.

Molly has no teeth. We opened her mouth. How can she bite? We must chew our food. Molly does not chew. Some old people have no teeth. Maybe Molly is an old woman.

Molly has a little pink tongue. It is like fly paper. Maybe that is how she catches bugs.

Molly looks sad. Maybe she is lonesome. Maybe she is sick. Maybe she is sleepy. She is not happy.

Molly is dead. We forgot Molly. We did not give her bugs every day. We did not give her water. Today Lester looked

in her house. She was dead. She is hard like a rock. Maybe she got too hungry. We are sorry.

We got a little box. We got a paper handkerchief. We put it around Molly. We put Molly in the box. Everyone looks at her. The girls made a little cross. It says, "Molly died January 11." We dig a grave. We bury Molly in the school-yard.

We wish Molly had not died. We are lonesome for her. But she has gone. We want another toad. We like toads. We will not forget our pets again.

* * * *

EXCERPTS FROM "OUR HEALTH BOOK"

Parker Day School, Rocky Boy's Reservation, Montana

Pulling Teeth

The dentist put us in his chair.
He put a can near us.
He stuck a needle in the gum.
Then he pulled the teeth.
We spit in the can.

The Eye Doctor

Dr. Montrose came to see us.
The nurse brought him.
He looked at our eyes.
He turned the eyelid up.
He is going to make our eyes well.

Scraping Eyes

Four children went to the hospital.
There were two doctors and two nurses.
One nurse held our feet.
One doctor held our arms.
One doctor scraped our lids.

* * * * *

A PIMA CHILD'S STORY

I am a little Pima girl. I live at Santan. We eat meat and we drink milk. Over at our home the house is made from sticks and mud. There are some flowers around our house. We like to see the flowers growing. I have two brothers and four sisters. My father works on wood. He digs the wood out. My father gets his pay and takes us to town. We got a new wagon. I never ride in a wagon. I do not like to ride in a wagon. We got a cow and she has a baby. We call him "Bully." The cow gives us milk. In the morning we always drink milk. My little sister likes it. By Elsie Pablo - Pupil at the Phoenix Indian Sanatorium, Phoenix, Arizona.

MAKING BROOMS

A Christmas Gift For Mother

We made a broom for mother;
We made it of broom straw.
We made a good broom.
We broke the straw.
We carried it back to school.
We found a warm place to work.
We liked to work outside.
When we finished we had our
picture made.

"We peel the straw. We sit on the gravel pile. It was hot. We are working hard. We have fun."

The primary children of the Pearl River Day School, Choctaw Agency, Mississippi, wanted to make Christmas gifts for their mothers. They decided to make brooms. They all went out to gather the tall broom grass which grows in profusion in that part of Mississippi and soon returned with an ample supply. Seated in the warm December sunshine, they set to work and soon had the grass securely fastened to the handle in the approved Choctaw manner.

"Bessie Lee helps make a broom. She is working hard."

The Children With Their Finished Brooms.

EXCERPTS FROM "THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE NEWS",

WRITTEN BY PRIMARY CHILDREN, FORT SILL INDIAN SCHOOL, OKLAHOMA

Buck

We have a new calf. Her name is Buck. Jerome got thrown off and he hurt his head. Buck don't like anybody. She chases us away when we go to play with her. We tried to rope her. She chewed the rope. We got mad and didn't give her any salt. Then she ran at us and we ran as fast as we could. I don't think we will like Buck very much. By Blandh Tahdoahnippah.

Chew

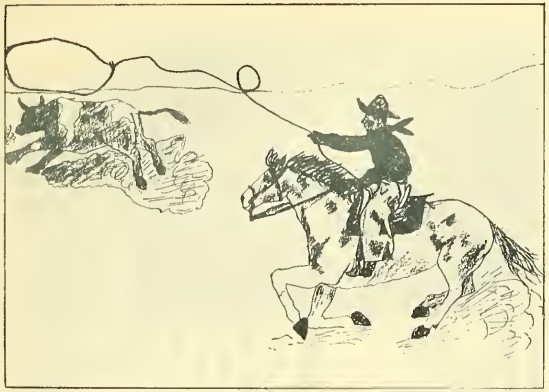
We have a baby goat that is real mean. He climbs on the roof of the barn and he won't come down. When we play football he gets the ball and won't let us have it. He bucks us with his horns. Sometimes he stays at the door and we can't come out. One day he fell in the incinerator. He nearly burned himself all up. He bothers all the people. We are sorry for him. He is too bad. By Strudwick Tahsequah.

Jocko And Jerry

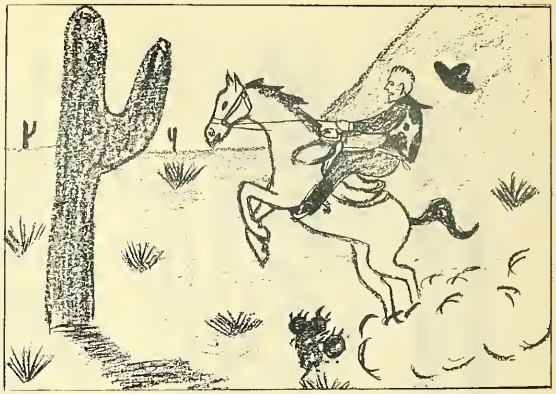
Jocko and Jerry came from South America. We found that on a big map. It is far away. It is hot there. Jocko and Jerry will be two years old soon. They are funny monkeys. They stole the turnip out of Velma's mouth. They pulled all the buttons off our teacher's sweater. They are a boy and girl. They hug necks lots of the time. They love each other. Jocko is greedy sometimes. He takes more to eat than Jerry. We love them both the same. Velma Apauty.

Jocko And Jerry's Party

Jocko and Jerry were two years old. We had a party for them. Rena and Dolores made a cake. They whipped the cream so long it got into butter. They were too ashamed to give Mr. Howard some cake. It was pretty good. Johnny and Strudwick made fudge. They couldn't read the recipe good. They put too much sugar. It was chocolate sugar. We ate it and never laughed. The monkeys were very naughty. They jumped all over and tore the curtain. They grabbed a banana and ran. They wouldn't eat any cake. Jerry got the biggest apple and traded with Jocko. We played games and had some fun. The third grade sent the monkeys some peanuts. We weighed the monkeys too. They are getting very fat. Kay Attocknie.



Drawing by Louis Lamere, Age 12, Sangrey Day School, Rocky Boy's Reservation, Montana



Drawing by Raymond Smith, 12-Year-Old Student at Peach Springs Day School, Truxton Cañon, Arizona

Drawing by Bernice Firstshoot, Lodge Pole Day School, Fort Belknap, Montana

Cut-out and Text by Beginners at Parker Day School, Rocky Boy's Reservation, Montana

FROM THE "ATKA SEAGULL", A TYPEWRITTEN SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

ISSUED BY THE PUPILS OF THE ATKA SCHOOL, ALASKA. FEBRUARY 4, 1938

Playing In The Snow

I play in the snow.
I slide on skis.
Zip, zip, I go fast.
Nannie is my sister.
Nannie slides on
a sealskin.
Nannie goes zip, zip, too.

My Father Comes From Trapping

My daddy came home.
He had his gun.
My daddy shot seven seal.
My mamma fried the
seal's liver.
I ate the liver with
spuds.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

My Father Came From Amchitka

One early Thursday morning the MARTHA came to Atka. The MARTHA brought trappers from Amchitka. It brought Attu people, too. My father came from Amchitka. He brought a little boat for his little girl. He made it from wood. It is not finished yet. It has no masts on it. She liked it. And she was happy when her father came home. She was not waked up that morning. Her father waked her up. She saw her father and she was happy and laughed. Her father told her he brought her a little boat.

I made him some hot cakes and coffee. By Eva Prokopeuff.

A Story About Camping

Once Annie and I camped with Annie's family. Annie and I went to fish for poggies. Sometimes we used to take care of babies and our mothers went to fish for poggies.

Poggies are little fishes. He ones are brown with red spots. She ones are brown with light green spots. Sometimes we used to fry them or boil them. I like them fried best. Sometimes we got flounder. Sometimes we eat them raw or cooked. Flounder is flat fish. I like it, too.

We used to get mossberries and strawberries. I like them raw. Sometimes I like them with jam. By Clara Snigeroff.

FROM THE SECOND AND THIRD GRADES,

STANDING ROCK COMMUNITY SCHOOL, NORTH DAKOTA.

June is going to take a baby rabbit home Friday. I wish I had a mouse to get killed so I could have a rabbit, too. We will miss our rabbits. Kenneth.

Mr. Bramlett took our rabbits' picture. All the little baby rabbits were afraid. They huddled up close to mother rabbit. They are Chinchilla rabbits. Lois.

We had three mice in school, but one died and now we have only two because one died. The two that we have, dug the flowers up so all of our flowers died, too. Mary Margaret.

* * * * * * * * * *

RABBIT TRACKS

Our rabbits make funny tracks.
They do not print plainly.
Why?
Because the bottom of their feet is hairy.

The rabbit sits all the time.
It sits in the snow too.
This hair on its feet keeps it from getting
so cold.

Our rabbits have long legs too.
Why?
He has to jump high and hop fast to get
away from animals and men.

His two hind legs are longer and stronger.
They have four toes on their hind feet.
The front feet are shorter.
Their front feet have five toes.
Our rabbits rest on their hind feet when
they sleep.

Tongue River Boarding School, Busby, Montana.

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE NUMBER 16 DAY SCHOOL, PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA
(Reprinted From the Porcupine Community News, Porcupine, South Dakota)

Our Goat Feed

When we get through milking the goats we feed them. We feed them grain and oil cake. We give a gallon pail full. We mix it together. We put this in the goats feed trough so the goats can eat it. A truck brought the feed to us. By Rufus Kills Right, Grade 5.

Our Calves

One day a truck came from Pine Ridge. It brought our calves. We took them off. They were brought on December 2. There were twenty calves. After we took them off from the truck, we had to water them. We had to ride a horse to drive them to water the first time. Now we walk and drive them to water. We fed them some straw. We turned them out into the pasture. After a while we are going to keep them in the barn. By Chris Lone Hill, Special Student.

Branding The Calves

We branded our calves on December 3. We branded them because we don't want to lose them. My brand looks like this A_I. Roy Bergen's brand is like this $\mathcal{R}$. Chris's brand looks like this X_I. Roy Jealous's brand looks like this $\mathcal{X}$. Harry's brand looks like this $\mathcal{R}$. Richard's brand looks like this $\mathcal{cR}$.

We built a fire and put the irons in it to make them hot. We roped the calves and threw them down. When the iron was red hot we took it and burned our brand on the calf. All the club boys and two men, Mr. Lone Hill and Mr. Fielder, the district farmer, helped to brand the calves. Amos Lone Hill, Grade 6.

Making Bread

I baked bread this morning. I made it for noon lunch. First, I took a pan and put about three quarts of water in the pan. I put two yeast cakes in the water. I stirred the yeast cake in the water with my hands until they were dissolved. I put in one handful of salt and one-third cup of sugar. Next I put about $7\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of flour in the water. I mixed it with my hands. I had to mix it hard so it will rise up. I let the bread rise. After this I made it into rolls. Before I made it into rolls I greased my hands so the dough would not stick to my hands. I let the rolls rise. When they were about twice the size I put them in the oven to bake. Jessie High Wolfe, Grade 6.

NAL-KA-CHU-SAK

By Tom Pircheralrea Prince, Kotlik School, Alaska.

A long time ago there was a large village by the sea. Toward the end of the houses there lived a baby. His father and mother were dead and his grandfather and grandmother kept him. They loved him very much and they taught magic to him. His name was Nal-ka-chu-sak.

When he was old enough to hunt, he could hunt very well. When he became a young man he was very light and swift. When the rivers were frozen over, he could run across them and never break in or get his boots wet. He was a very fine hunter and could kill everything he saw.

His grandfather told him many times that if he heard a strange animal at sea calling like this, "koo-wak-koo-wak" - not to answer it, for it would kill him. One winter day he went far out to sea. While he was traveling he heard a voice just as his grandfather told him, calling "koo-wak-koo-wak." Nal-ka-chu-sak wanted to see what it was, so he answered it. Soon he saw a big, big animal coming, so he ran toward a high iceberg and jumped over it. The animal was running very swiftly. Nal-ka-chu-sak waited on the other side of the big iceberg for him. When it didn't jump over the iceberg Nal-ka-chu-sak jumped on the iceberg and looked down. He saw the big animal was trying to get out from under the big ice cakes where he was stuck. So he went down and killed the animal. Then he went home and told his people what he had done.

The next day he went down to sea with many men. When they reached that animal they could hardly pull it out of the water. When they skinned it, it had no flesh, only bones.

Again when he reached his home his granfather said to him, "Next time it might kill you. I will tell you this, when you go out to sea very far, don't wait until it gets dark, but come home."

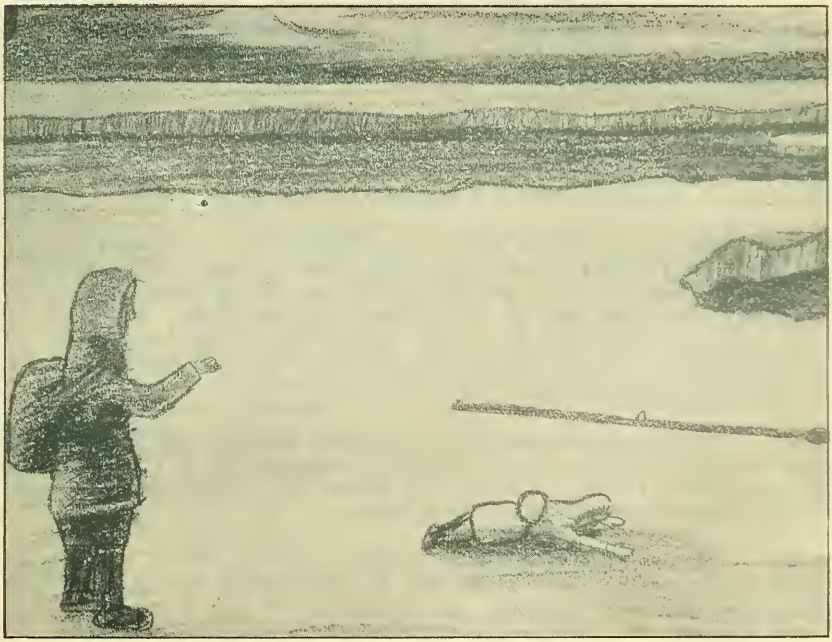
One day Nal-ka-chu-sak went far out to sea. Night came. He did not return home. The moon was full and shining very brightly. As he was traveling he met a great giant man. So they traveled together. The giant said to him, "Go ahead of me." So Nal-ka-chu-sak went ahead of him, but he was watching the giant's shadow. The giant had a big spear in his hand. Just as he was going to throw the big spear at him, Nal-ka-chu-sak threw himself on the ice and the big spear went whistling over him. The giant said, "Oh, I almost

killed you!" Then he fell too. He thought he had fooled Nal-ka-chu-sak. Two times the giant did this. The third time when he threw his spear, Nal-ka-chu-sak ran after it and took the spear and killed the giant. The water was near them, so he threw the giant into the water and turned toward home.

While he was walking, he suddenly saw the giant in the water before him. His head was down, only his legs were showing. Nal-ka-chu-sak pushed him into the sea again and went on. He had not walked far when again he came to the giant. This time, half his body was sunk. Nal-ka-chu-sak said to himself, "I think this giant will kill me," so he began to take off the giant's clothing. On his body he found an ivory necklace. Each bead was a little man. Nal-ka-chu-sak put them into his bag and went home.

His grandfather said, "Now you can go everywhere you want to. You can kill everything. Nothing can hurt you."

This is a very real true story. Every time the giant killed a man he made a small ivory image and put it on his string and wore them. There were many, many tiny ivory men on his necklace.



MY FAMILY HISTORY

By James and Nadie Ironmaker - Ages 14 and 12

Rocky Boy's Reservation, Montana

We are full-blood Indians. Our tribe is a mixture of Chippewa, Cree and Blackfeet. Both our father and mother are dead. Our father left us some horses when he died. Nadie has five horses. I have two. Nadie is twelve years old. She lives with our mother's family, Mr. and Mrs. Chief Goes Out. Ruby Chief Goes Out has written the family history of Mr. Chief Goes Out. I will write a history of our father's family, the Chippewa family. I am fourteen years old and live with my grandmother Mrs. James Chippewa, Sr.

My great-great-grandmother was a Blackfeet woman. When she was young the different tribes had war among themselves. Once the Crees and Blackfeet were fighting and my great-great-grandmother was taken by the Cree Indians. Her name was Na-ta-go-jis. That is a Blackfeet word which means God Smoker.

When my great-great-grandmother grew up she married a Cree Indian. His name was Tortoise. They lived in Canada. My great-great-grandfather hunted animals for food and my great-great-grandmother tanned the hides and made some of them into clothes.

My great-grandmother's name was Young Maiden. She married a Cree Indian named Cloud. They lived in Canada also, near Medicine Hat. My great-grandfather got food by hunting and my great-grandmother tanned leather and learned to do nice bead-work.

My grandmother's father died when she was ten years old. She lived part of the time with the Blackfeet Indians. My great-grandmother used to work hard to support her family for she had four children. She used to polish horns and sell them. That was when my grandmother learned to make beaded bags. She is living on the Rocky Boy's Reservation now and is one of the best beaders. She can also tan nice leather.

My grandmother married a Chippewa Indian. His Indian name was First Sitting Man. The white people called him Burma-toe. My grand-parents used to travel with Rocky Boy. They came here with him when the Indians got this land.

My father's name was Ironmaker. He died when I was two years old. I have always lived with my grandmother and my uncle whose name is James Chippewa. My grandmother's name is now Mrs. James Chippewa Sr. We live on a place and farm and raise cattle and horses. My grandmother still makes bead-work to sell.

FROM THE ROCKY BOY'S RESERVATION IN MONTANA

The Roundup

When the cattlemen have a roundup they all get together and make plans. They always have the roundup in the fall. Every man has his own brand. In the fall the men put their own brands on their cattle. Every roundup there is a bunch of cattlemen (cowboys) that round up the cattle. The cowboys have a cook that cooks for them.

They keep the cattle in corrals near the forest camp.

The cattlemen have just had a roundup this fall. They branded their cattle and separated those that were to be sold from those that were to be kept.

The cowboys sent the cattle down to Box Elder to be shipped to St. Paul. St. Paul is where we sell our cattle most of the time.

By Ida Sangrey, Age 14.

Uncle And The Spider

This story is a true story but very hard to believe. The story I'm going to write is about my uncle and a spider.

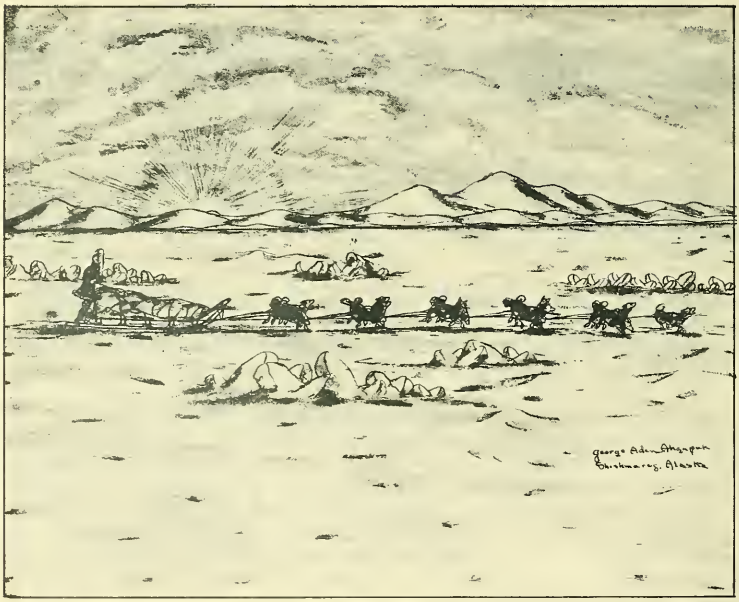
Long ago, people used to believe in dreams. My uncle went out to dream some place. He climbed a high cliff and stayed up there a week. He started to get hungry and thirsty. When he was going to climb down he couldn't make it. Finally he fell asleep from exhaustion. He dreamed of a spider telling him that he would take him down. But this spider told him, "You must not open your eyes until you touch ground." When my uncle woke up he was on the ground. He walked home and told his story. People believed in those things at that time, so they believed him.

By Ida Sangrey, Age 14.

* * * * * *

AN ESKIMO SCENE, AS DRAWN BY GEORGE A. AHGUPUK

The scene below was drawn by George A. Ahgupuk, a young Eskimo of Shishmaref, Alaska. George was educated in the Federal schools of the Territory; then, because of a tuberculous hip, he spent some time in the hospital, where the head nurse found him sketching on anything that came handy. She encouraged his interest and equipped him with pen, ink and proper paper. Most of George's drawings today are done on sealskin, as was the one reproduced below, or on three-ply wood.



The drawing above shows a typical scene of an Eskimo traveling with a dog sled. The human figure is dressed in a hooded parka and wears Eskimo boots with waterproof oogruk (hide of the large bearded seal) soles.

STUDENT'S MURAL DEPICTS OLD-TIME SIOUX GATHERING

The painting shown above was done by Andrew Standing Soldier, eighteen-year-old Sioux student, on the walls of the Arts and Crafts Building at the Oglala Community High School at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

Andrew has had practically no instruction in art work, having worked and supported his mother almost as much time as he had been in school. Andrew's mural depicts a round-up of the Oglala Sioux about forty years ago. He obtained the descriptive material upon which to base his drawing by talking with the old men, and his knowledge of horses from daily observation.

The picture on the left shows Andrew at work on the mural.

THE NEWS FROM MEDICINE BOW DAY SCHOOL AND POTATO CREEK COMMUNITY

(From The March 1938 Issue Of The Oglala Community High School Paper, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.)

On February 3 we had a community meeting here at Medicine Bow Day School and many people were here. We all had a dinner at noon and then Charles Under The Baggage, Sr., taught the school boys and girls about the Tribal Code. He taught us in the Indian language so the little boys and girls could understand him, too. Then two Junior Judges came from Kyle and they taught the Tribal Code to the school boys and girls and to the men and women, too. The names of these two Junior Judges are Hobart Two Crow and Pete Bull Bear. Frank Apple, the representative from Kyle came out with them too, and he drove the car for the two Junior Judges.

* * * * * * * *

GOATS

I will tell you about our goats. We have some goats at school here and all the goats have kids now. Some of the goats have twins. Phillip Swimmer, Russell Under The Baggage, Francis Long Soldier and some of the other boys' goats got twins. That's all for goat news.

(From Potato Creek News, May 1938, published by the Medicine Bow Day School, Potato Creek, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.)

* * * * * * *

SPRING WORK ON THE NAVAJO

When I was out of school here, I went on my spring work. My brother and I went out in the cornfield to hoe the corn. We stopped working right after noon. We ate our lunch then we went on working. In the evening we went back home.

The next morning my brother and my uncle went to work again. I herded the sheep. In the afternoon it was very hot. I went under the tree to rest. I was carrying my bow and arrow. Soon I heard a noise. I got up. I saw a fox. I yelled and howled. In the evening we missed a little lamb.

My brother and I were going to find that lamb. I got up on a hill. There I just saw some wool on the ground. I went over there The fox had eaten the lamb. We hoped the fox did not say "Thank You" for the lamb he had eaten.

By Zeth Bigman, Shonto Day School. From "Ha-Ni"; Tuba Boarding School, Arizona.

Many boats brought fish eggs from Craig. Fish eggs are herring eggs. People put branches from trees in the water. They leave them in the water one night. The fish eggs stick to the branches. Fish eggs are good to eat. By Floyd Frank, First Grade, Hydaburg, Alaska.

In the spring my father trolls. A boat from Juneau or Tyee buys the bush. In the fall he cuts wood, hunts for deer, to put in jars for the winter. He shoots ducks and seals. He can sell the seal noses. My mother keeps the house clean. She cooks our meals on time. She sews and washes clothes. I help my mother by carrying in water and wood. I would like to be a hunter and a fisherman when I grow up. By George Brown, Fourth Grade, Angoon, Alaska.

You have to look for a hole in the rock before you can find a devil fish. You have to get some chewing tobacco and spill a box at the entrance. When the creature tastes the tobacco he gets out of the hole in a hurry. Then you can grab it and take it home for dinner. By Charlie Fawcett, Fifth Grade, Metlakatla, Alaska.

This summer my mother worked in the cannery. She told me about the work. She was a "slimer." She had to use a knife. She cut off the heads of the fish. The people are very happy to work in the canneries in the summer. The children take care of their little brothers and sisters. Some work piling cans and putting them in boxes. By Elizabeth James, Fifth Grade, Hoonah, Alaska.

In the spring the people go to Glacier Bay and get some seals and sea gull eggs. They kill the seals for the skins and dry them in the sun. In the spring they go trolling for fish too, and sell them.

In the summer they dry fish and pick berries to put them in jars for winter. They shoot ducks, geese, deer and bear in the fall. Sometimes they dry the meat and put it in seal grease to keep for winter. In Mary they get herring eggs from Sitka to sell here. In winter the men go trapping. By Sarah Williams, Sixth Grade, Hoonah, Alaska.

* * * * * *

FROM NAVAJO CHILDREN AT TOADLENA, NEW MEXICO

Silversmithing

Some Navajo men are silversmiths. That is the way they get their money. First they build a fire to melt the silver in the pot. The silver is melted in ten minutes. Then the silversmith puts in some minerals that he gets from the store. He puts them in a cup to melt. Then he mixes it with something. It looks like salt. It is very white. He mixes it and then puts it in place. Next he gets his tools. First he uses pliers and hammer. He holds it with the pliers and hits it with the hammer. He makes many rings and other things. That is the way he gets his money. By Bill Denetyazziebetcilly, Grade Six.

A Navajo Cradle

A Navajo cradle is made out of the pine tree. After it is made, they put deerskin about an inch wide on both sides. Then they put white cloth on the cradle and another one over the cradle to keep the flies off the baby. The cradle is about three feet long and one foot wide. The mother carries her baby in her arms, and sometimes on her back just like the Indians did long ago. By John Arthur, Grade Five.

The Navajo Home

The Navajo home always faces east. People do it that way because the wind blows so hard from the north. If it does not face the east, when we have a fire the wind blows so hard that our home will burn. Our home is always warm inside this way. By Cora Ben Gould Yazzie, Grade Five.

* * * * * * *

A ZUNI POTTERY DESIGN

Drawn By A Student In The

Zuni Day School, Zuni, New Mexico.

UTE CHILDREN LEARN RANGE MANAGEMENT PRINCIPLES FIRST-HAND

Richard B. Millin, Regional Forester in the Indian Service, sends in the following article by a school child at the Whiterocks School at the Uintah and Ouray Agency in Utah. Junior Range Examiner Henry F. Wershing and Mr. Thomas L. Carter, Forest Supervisor, took a group of children on a trip to show them something of good range management practices. The following description of the trip, by Berneice Pawwinnee, appeared in "The Ute", the Uintah and Ouray Agency publication.

A Trip To The Range

Wednesday morning at 9:30 a.m. all the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th grades took a trip with Mr. Carter and Mr. Wershing to the mountains to study about the range.

The first stop we came to showed us that the land was overgrazed. It hardly had any grass. There was grass only in a few places. The second stop we came to showed us that it was a little better than the first one we saw. We learned that the wheat grass, Indian rice grass and blue grama grass were the most important grasses. The third place where we stopped wasn't grazed. It had plenty of grass there. The reason why the cattle didn't graze on this land was because the hill was too steep, it was too rocky and was too far away from water. The fourth stop we came to proved that cattle can graze uphill, even if it is rocky or steep, if they can get water. They go up the hill to graze and come down for water.

After we had eaten our lunch, we started again. It was almost one o'clock then. We stopped at a place where Mr. Wershing showed us how wheat grass grew. He said before 1936 eleven new plants grew; in 1937 nineteen; and in 1938 there were twenty-four. He dug up one of the plants to show us that it reproduces its own plant. He said there were two ways of reproducing wheat grass. By seed and by its own roots. A single plant can produce as many as four or more plants a year by its roots.

The way it grows is that the roots spread out under the ground and about four plants grow on that root. They come up through the ground while still on that root and soon the root breaks in two and it makes a new plant. I learned quite a lot about the range and the three important grasses. I enjoyed my trip, and we hope to go again some other time.

THE PRACTICE COTTAGE PLAN

By Frances Clifford, Student, Oglala Community

High School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota

The practice cottage plan was put into effect here to teach the boys and girls the work, business and fun that may be had in carrying a real home.

The girls' practice cottage at Kyle has been in operation for about a year. Four girls and one teacher occupy this house. Last year there were only three girls and a woman teacher in the girls' cottage and three boys and a man teacher in the boy's cottage. All ate in the girls' cottage; so they agreed to help one another with all their work.

The girls' work is divided into four parts. The manager plans the meals, keeps track of all money spent for the cottage, is the hostess at the table and is the manager in general. The cook does all the cooking. After she has cooked for a week, she goes to the school kitchen to get better training in cooking; then she stays at home a week and does all the cooking there. She also helps in many other ways to improve her home. The assistant cook helps the cook all she can. The housekeeper does all the cleaning and keeps up the house. She also makes the furnishings, such as curtains and sofa pillows for the home.

Many Indian dishes, such as dried meat, wasna, cherry wojapi and others are served at this practice cottage so the knowledge of Indian recipes will be kept in the tribe. We also serve dishes like those the white people eat.

Light bread is made with dry yeast because most of the Indian homes are quite far from town and yeast should be kept on ice or in a very cool place.

The teacher at the cottage uses the rations from the school, supplemented by what she and the students care to provide. The girls are taught how to make very appetizing dishes from them.

All grades from the fourth through the ninth go to this cottage. They group themselves accordingly. Each group has two chances to live at the cottage in one year. In this way the teacher has a chance to note their improvement and can then give the

girls advanced work. Miss Galloway, the home economics teacher there, has made record sheets for each girl who lives in the practice cottage.

In the evening after all the work is finished, the boys and girls, with their cottage teachers, meet in the living room of the girls' cottage. At this meeting all problems of discipline are settled which come up at the practice cottage. The problem of smoking, which is usually quite difficult, was worked out very easily. The girls who smoke may do so if they smoke like ladies and provide their own ash trays and smoke in the living room.

Leisure time at this practice cottage is spent in many different ways. The boys and girls read, dance, sing and make candy. Once a week they have a party at the cottage.

All the babies that have stayed at the cottage were nursing babies. The mother stays at the cottage too, but she is relieved of all care of the baby except at feeding times. The girls care for this baby by sewing for it, bathing it and keeping its regular sleeping hours.

The boys and girls learn to plan their work ahead of time; they execute or really do the work; then they evaluate or criticize their work with the idea of improvement. By so doing, they learn self-expression. They talk over in an informal way what they do and what they wish to learn at the practice cottage.

So effective were the lessons learned by last year's occupants of the cottage that a couple, Rufus Two Crow and Lollie Pawnee Leggins, were married not long ago. Soon Lollie will come back to the cottage to take special training to help her in her new home. From the Oglala Community High School newspaper.

* * * * * *

A Pueblo Village
Drawn By Rufina Vigil